

## SHE WANTED

that voiceless boy  
in the back  
of the classroom  
the boy with  
the battered past

she wanted  
to make it all better  
but he kept  
walking away  
before she could tell him  
he kept walking away  
without a word

she wanted  
to follow him  
step inside  
his boarding house door  
establish her credentials  
with these words:

the world says  
the quiet ones  
are dangerous  
i would remind the world  
of those who quietly  
give us poetry  
of those who quietly  
give us conscience

she liked speeches  
desperately wanted  
to deliver this one

but she was a healer  
not a follower

and he kept  
walking away  
before she could tell him

he kept walking away  
without a word

## ONE DAY

after 20 years  
of less than  
marital bliss,  
Harry looked  
at his wife  
and said: Who  
are you, anyway?

A fair question, she replied.  
Why, I'm the Belle of  
the Hippy Ball. Remember  
my long blonde hair  
and my distain for  
shoes or sandals.  
I accompanied you  
to a basketball game  
on a snowy December  
night 20 years ago.  
I was barefooted and  
you asked me to marry you.  
Those days, you used  
to say: All you have  
to do is get naked  
and walk toward me  
and all my philosophy  
and poetry go right out  
the proverbial window.  
This is who I am. Darling.

Harry calmly walked  
outside, got in  
his BMW and drove  
as fast as possible  
into the nearest  
concrete embankment.  
At his funeral  
there were no  
barefooted ladies  
but several middle-  
aged men with  
long hair.

— Larry S. Rogers

Ft. Smith AR